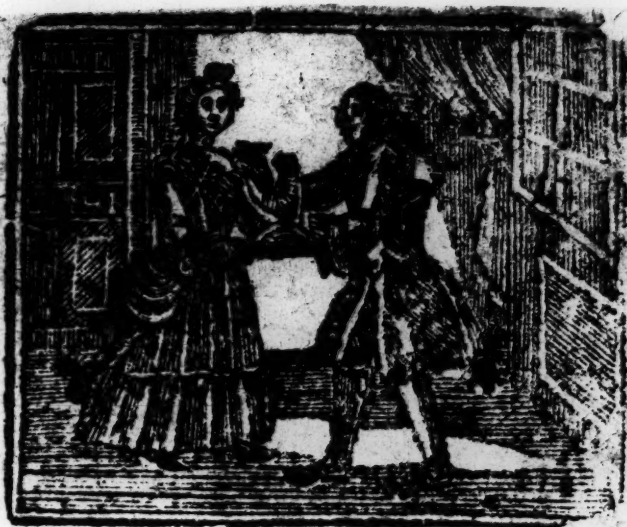




T H E

Highland Laddie.

THE lowland lads think they are fine,
But O they're vain and idly gaudy,
How much unlike the grace'ul mein,
Add manly looks of my highland laddie.

C H O R U S.

O my bonny highland laddie,
My handsome smiling highland laddie,
May heaven still guard, and love feward,
The lowland lass and her highland lad . e.

If I were free at will to chuse,
To be the wealthiest lowland lady,
I'd take young Donald without trews,
With bonnet blue and belted plaidy.

The bravest beau in Burrows town,
In a' his airs with art made ready,
Compar'd to him is but a clown,
He's finer far in's tartan plaidy.

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
And leave my lowland kin and daddy,
Frae winter's cauld and summer's sun,
He'll screen me with his highland plaidy.

A painted room and a silken bed,
May please a lowland laird and lady,
But I can kiss and be as glad,
Behind a bush in's highland plaidy.

Few compliments between us pass,
I ca' him my dear highland laddie,
And he ca's me his lowland lass,
Sine rows me in beneath his plaidy.

Nae greater joy I'll here pretend,
Than that his love prove true and steady,
Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
While heaven preserves my highland
laddie.

